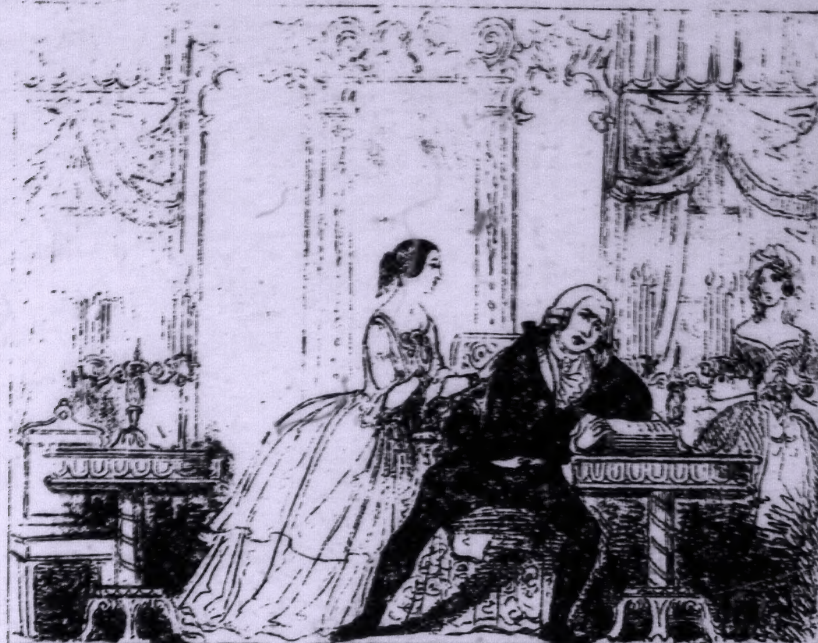


Above.

CETIL. But your daughter,—who will never abandon you.



J. R. Jones. f.

Below.

TANDRI. (Reading) The name of my wife! This is a Will-Gracious Powers!

Act I. Scene last.

London, Published by J. Duncombe, 10 Middle Row, Holborn.

AB

Author of The  
Rubber of L  
Tales, Ma

THE ONL

A DESCRIPT

SITUAT

By Mr. T. Jon

PRINTED



**Duncombe's Edition**

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# **ABOVE AND BELOW!**

**A COMIC DRAMA,**

**IN**

**Two Acts.**

---

**By EDWARD STIRLING, Esq.**

*Author of The Last Kiss, The Railway King, Popping in and out,  
Rubber of Life, Captain Charlotte, Bachelors' Buttons, On the  
Tiles, Margaret Catchpole, Norah Creina, Secret Fox, &c.*

---

**THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION  
FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK,**

**To which is added,**

**A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS**

**THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,**

**SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES, AND**

**DIRECTIONS,**

**AS PERFORMED AT THE  
London Theatres.**

---

**EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING  
By Mr. T. Jones, from a Drawing, taken expressly in the Theatre.**

---

**LONDON:  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN DUNCOMBE  
10, MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.**



# CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

## ABOVE.

<i>Monsieur Dorville, a Banker</i> .....	Mr. Diddear
<i>Armand St. Cloud</i> .....	Mr. A. Wigan
<i>Monsieur Thomas, an Auctioneer.</i>	Mr. Bellingham
<i>Notary</i> .....	Mr. Kinloch
<i>Herman</i> .....	Mr. Bender
<i>Sans Souci, Valet to M. Dorville.</i>	Mr. Meadows
<i>Robert</i> .....	Mr. Turner
<i>Porter</i> .....	Mr. Silver
<i>Cecile, the Banker's Daughter</i> ....	Miss Farebrother
<i>Louise, her Maid</i> .....	Miss Turner
<i>Ladies and Gentlemen, Guests, &amp;c.</i>	

## BELOW.

<i>Landre</i> .....	Mr. F. Matthews
<i>Poisson, his Brother-in-law</i> .....	Mr. Keeley
<i>Leonard</i> .....	Mr. Henry Butler
<i>Victor, a Son of Landre</i> .....	Miss Jane Turner
<i>Duval</i> .....	Mr. Richards
<i>Baker</i> .....	Mr. Yarnold
<i>Lolot</i> .....	Miss Ellen Daly
<i>Milk Girl</i> .....	Miss Hicks
<i>Old Woman</i> .....	Miss Forster
<i>Fanchette</i> .....	Miss Jones
<i>Neighbours, Tradespeople, Friends, &amp;c.</i>	

First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, July the 16th. 1846.  
Time in Representation, 2 hours.



## COSTUME.

Dorville—Black coat, white waistcoat, black breeches, black silk stockings, shoes with brilliant buckles, lace frill and ruffles, white stock, full powdered wig

Armand—Green coat, white waistcoat, drab pantaloons, top boots, red wig and large red whiskers, steeple hat, lace frill and ruffles

Monsieur Thomas—Brown coat, white waistcoat and stock, grey pantaloons, top boots, cocked hat, black wig & whiskers

Notary—Black coat, white waistcoat and stock, black pantaloons, top boots, cocked hat, black wig

Herman—Black coat, waistcoat and pantaloons, top boots, white stock, black wig

Sans Souci—Elegant white livery turned up with blue, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles, white stock, lace frill and ruffles, full white powdered wig with bag to it

Robert—Groom's coat white and blue, white breeches and waistcoat, white stock, cropped hair, top boots

Porter—Porter's livery of the period, shoes and buckles, powdered wig, white stock

Bidders at the Auction—Plain dresses of the period

Landre—Shabby green coat and shabby coloured waistcoat, ragged trousers and grey stockings, shoes, old hat, blue shirt, bald grey wig. Second dress—Brocade coat with steel buttons and silver frogs, embroidered satin waistcoat, white stock, buff pantaloons and top boots, cocked hat

Poisson—Dark brown coat, coloured waistcoat and black pantaloons, top boots, brown steeple hat & brown George wig

Leonard—Brown coat and white waistcoat, grey pantaloons and top boots, white stock and round hat

Victor—Shabby canvas blouse and patched trousers, grey stockings and shoes, rough wig and shabby hat

Cecile—Pink silk trimmed with black lace, shoes & buckles, hair in ringlets. Second dress—Amber lace full dress, jewellery, &c. Third dress—Same as the first, with black lace cloak and white chip hat trimmed with pink

Louise—Grey cotton dress, high French cap, shoes and buckles

Lolot—Pink striped French dress short in the skirt, coloured stockings, shoes and buckles, fancy toque

Milk Girl—Neat French peasant's dress

Old Woman—Neat French peasant's dress with high cap, shoes and buckles

Ladies at the Ball—Elegant ball dresses of the period

Tradeswomen, Peasants, &c.—Neat plain dresses of the period, shoes and buckles and high caps.



## ABOVE AND BELOW.

[NOTE.—The Reader will observe that the Dialogue, &c. of the Characters "Below" is preceded by an Asterisk, thus \*.]

### ACT I.

#### SCENE—ABOVE.

*A Splendid Apartment in the style of Louis Quatorze. Folding doors in C. A door in each side piece. A practicable window, 2 E. R. H. On the opposite side, an elegant chimney piece, with looking-glass over it. Handsome branches, with wax candles in them. Near the fireplace is a writing table, easy chair, &c. The room altogether is beautifully furnished.*

ROBERT discovered with a feather broom, dusting the furniture.

#### SCENE—BELOW.

*A very mean Parlour, behind an Old Clothes Shop. The Shop is seen through a glazed door in C. Two side doors, just under those in the upper room, also a practicable window, beneath the one above. At the side of the C. door, is another door, leading into a large cupboard. A little on the R. of C. is a German stove, with iron pipe for chimney. An old table, 2 E. L. H. Another under the window.*

LOLOT discovered cutting a piece of bread for VICTOR, who stands by. LANDRE, attired in an old great coat, is seated at the table, L. H. casting up accompts.

SANS SOUCI, superbly dressed in green and gold, a la Swiss, enters through C. D. above.

Sans. Good gracious! this room not yet done? What scorn people do with their time, I'm sure I don't know. I hate laziness. (Throws himself languidly into easy chair—takes up book and reads.)

\* Vict. (To Lalot.) Is this all you are going to give me, cousin?

\* Lol. You'll eat a better dinner, my dear.

\* Lan. Yes, when he gets it!

Rob. I say, Sans Souci, our master must be amazingly rich: another grand dinner to-day, and another grand party this evening.

Sans. Yes; we have plenty of money.



\* *Lan.* The oftener I add up my accounts, the poorer I find myself. Twice six are eight—take away two——

\* *Vic.* I will have some butter, then !

\* *Lan.* Curse that boy, he's put me out again. How I miss my dear kind-hearted little wife, who would have broken every bone in his body, rather than I should have been annoyed. Take away two from six, and five remains ——

\* *Lol.* Come, dear, go to school.

\* *Vic.* I won't go to school !

\* *Lan.* He's put me out again. Go along, sir——

\* *Vic.* I won't !

\* *Lan.* But you shall, though.

\* *Vic.* I shan't, though !

\* *Lan.* Then take that, you young rascal ! (*Throws all his accounts at him—they fly about the Stage.*)

\* *Vic.* Ha, ha——I don't care—I don't care——(*Runs out at c. d. followed by Lolot.*)

\* *Lan.* If they had hit him, my debts are so heavy, they'd have knocked his brains out. (*Picks up papers.*)

[*Bell rings loudly, above.*]

*Rob.* There's the bell—why don't you answer it ?

*Sans.* One should never go at first ring—it accustoms them to bad habits. (*Another ring.*)

*Rob.* It's master coming——

*Sans.* (*Jumps up.*) Set the arm chair—shut the window—quick—quick——

*Enter M. DORVILLE.*

*Dor.* Oh, you are here, are you ? Robert, take my hat and gloves. (*He does so, and exit. Dorville seats himself.*) I really must give up business. What with my own affairs, and those of my friends—for they have found out that my genius is so great, so gigantic, in finance, that scarcely a nobleman but borrows money of me.

\* *Lan.* I wish some one would lend me a few francs

*Dor.* Good fortune seems to have been my twin-brother. My wealth, already immense, will be nearly doubled by the marriage of my only daughter.

*Sans.* Then it is true, sir, that my young lady is to be married.

*Dor.* Yes ; she weds the brother of one of my correspondents at Marseilles, with a fortune of—of what shall I say ?

\* *Lan.* (*Still adding up.*) Sixteen pounds, four——

*Dor.* I shall then be the prince—nay, the very king of bankers. I must become a member of the Chambers—perhaps, Peers—why not ?

\* *Lan.* A beggar ! I shall become a beggar. Well, I'll



go and see what's in the shop that may be turned to account.  
Heigho!

*Sans.* Bnt whv, sir, do you sell this house?

[Exit.

*Dor.* House, do you call it? A mere nut-shell. Why, to-night, even, with merely three hundred people, we shall really be crowded. No, no—it's too small for one with my immense wealth. By-the-bye, where is the trifle of four thousand francs you wished me to employ for your cousin?

*Re-enter LANDRE, below, with a large bundle of old clothes, which he empties, and begins to look over.*

*Sans.* Here it is, sir. (*Aside.*) He little thinks it's what I have saved out of paying his bills.

*Dor.* Tell Herman to allow you seven per cent. And now about the soirée.

*Sans.* (*Giving paper.*) Here, sir, is the bill of fare for the supper.

*Dor.* (*Looking over paper.*) Good, good—very good. Champagne, cooled in—

\* *Lan.* (*Throwing aside a pair of drawers.*) A pair of flannel drawers!

*Dor.* (*Reading.*) Carpe du Rhin—a salmon with—

\* *Lan.* A blue coat, and brass buttons!

*Dor.* There is one thing forgotten. Dear me, what was it called? You know all the ladies are always so taken with it.

\* *Lan.* A red coat, cocked hat, and feathers!

*Dor.* But no matter—I see it will be superb. And now to my toilette —

*San.* All's ready, sir.

(*Exeunt L. H.*

\* *Poisson.* (*Heard singing without.*)

"When a man's quite standing, we're sure he can't go any slower,  
And when he's flat on the ground, there's no fear he'll fall any lower."

Tol de rol, &c.

\* *Lan.* Oh, here comes that wild brother-in-law of mine. He's for ever drinking or singing.

\* *Enter POISSON.*

\* *Pois.* Tol de rol, de rol lol. Well my king of old clothesmen, how goes it?

\* *Lan.* How goes it? It's all gone—done, we're rolled up, and sent home. We must dissolve partnership—the respectable firm of Landré, Poisson and Company must stop payment.

\* *Pois.* Well, that won't make much difference to us: we've never yet began. But all this ruin comes of your cursed ambition.

\* *Lan.* Yes, and your cursed idleness. What a fool I was



ever to leave Strasbourg, where we were respectable journeyman tailors.

\* *Pois.* You know you would be a merchant, and here we are—a pretty pair of merchants, in the old clothes line. Then again your ambition with regard to Leonard, your eldest boy—

\* *Lan.* Yes, bless him. I've given him the education of a prince.

\* *Pois.* And made him as proud as an emperor.

\* *Lan.* He'll be a great man one of these days, I know he will. I've got him into a merchant's house at Havre, where he must succeed. I'll be bound at this very moment, he's got his desk stuck in his dear little stomach, and thinking of nothing but his business. I'd give a trifle to see him.

\* *Enter LEONARD, plainly, but genteely dressed.*

\* *Leo.* Father!

\* *Lan.* What the devil's that? (*Turns.*) Leonard!

\* *Leo.* Yes, father.

\* *Lan.* But what has brought you from Havre?

\* *Leo.* Oh, why—I had an opportunity, and could not resist the wish to see you. (*Aside.*) I dare not yet tell him the truth.

\* *Pois.* And didn't you long to see your uncle, too?

\* *Leo.* Indeed I did. (*They embrace.*)

\* *Lan.* But I say, boy—how pale you look. You're fatigued, or unwell—what is it?

\* *Leo.* Nothing—indeed——

\* *Pois.* Perhaps he wants a little nourishment. Whenever I'm pale, that's always my complaint. Have you had your breakfast, boy?

\* *Leo.* Yes—no—but, indeed, I want none.

\* *Lan.* But you shall have some though, if I pawn the nose of my face to get it. I'll run, and get it directly. Here, Lolot, here's little Leonard come home: get him some refreshment. I'll be back in an instant.

(*Exit.*)

\* *Leo.* And now, uncle, tell me—how does poor father succeed at Paris? I fear not well.

\* *Pois.* Why we can't exactly call it well: when we don't succeed at all. People here have got into such a stupid fashion of always wearing new clothes, so that we are looking out for a government situation.

\* *Leo.* What mean you?

\* *Pois.* Oh, to be provided for at the public expence, in one of his majesty's large houses, prepared for those who can't, or won't pay.

\* *Leo.* A prison?

\* *Pois.* Yes; I believe that's what they call it.



\* *Leo.* Poor father ! and I—just when I should be his support, I come to be a burthen to him.

\* *Pois.* How so ?

\* *Leo.* I must tell him. Uncle, I have no longer a situation. I have been discharged.

\* *Pois.* Discharged ! Come to my arms, my dear boy ! I now know you are one of my family. I never could keep a place myself. But how did you manage it ?

\* *Leo.* I am ashamed to tell you. I am in love.

\* *Pois.* Come to my arms again ! Love is the weakness of great men. But tell me all about it.

\* *Leo.* Yes, uncle. You must know, that three months since at Havre, a young and lovely creature, on the point of being drowned, her horse had taken fright, and plunged into the sea, in an instant I found myself in the waves—and oh, bliss—I saved her, but lost my own heart.

\* *Pois.* But got a good reward.

\* *Leo.* A reward ! Her aunt, who was in a carriage hard by, was so overcome with fright, that she scarcely noticed me : the young lady was quickly placed in the carriage—

\* *Pois.* And you were invited to take pot-luck with them.

\* *Leo.* No : the carriage drove off, but not before the lovely one had given me a look that seemed to say, “think of me, for I shall never forget you.”

\* *Pois.* Well, and who is she, and what’s her name ?

\* *Leo.* I know not. I have never seen her since. Day after day have I hunted through every street—every night have I attended at theatres : it was that that lost my situation. But it is no great loss, for the house I was in—you know Fournells—is upon the point of stopping payment.

\* *Pois.* Just as we are.

\* *Leo.* I have since heard that she had left Havre for Paris. I therefore hastened here, but still failed to discover the angel.

\* *Pois.* But suppose you did ? An angel, I suspect, would require a rather better husband than the son of an old clothes-man.

\* *Leo.* That thought distracts me : but still, in love, all things are possible, and could I but find her I feel that by honest exertion and industry—

\* *Pois.* Tut ! tut ! You must have lost your senses.

\* *Leo.* No—only my heart..

*CECILE appears from side door, above.*

*Cec.* Yes, dear father, I will not lose a moment. [*Rings bell.*]

\* *Pois.* Take my advice, and forget her, as soon as possible.

*Cec.* Seated, , How wrong I am still to think of him.

*Leo.* Forget her ! Never !



*Enter LOUISE.*

*Lou.* Did you ring, Miss?

*Cec.* Yes, Louise. I must dress, for this odious party.

\* *Leo.* No, uncle: she is my only dream of hope—my existence, my life. Farewell for a while—but remember—not a word to my father. [Exit C. D.]

*Louise.* [Running to her.] Why, Miss, if you aren't crying. Oh, dear—oh, dear!

\* *Pois.* That chap's mad—I'd better run after him. [Exit C. D.]

*Cec.* Oh, my good girl, I am very miserable. My father has just told me, it is his intention I should marry immediately.

*Louise.* And is that all, ma'am? I wish I was in your place: but there's no such luck for me.

*Cec.* But think Louise, how horrible it would be did you love another.

*Louise.* What you still think of that young man at Havre? I wonder if you will ever see him again? I wonder if he is really worthy to be thought of?

*Cec.* That he is, I'm sure.

*Louise.* Perhaps he's poor.

*Cec.* What if he be? my father's rich: he has enough for both. It has always been the hope of my life to marry one who should owe all to me and who should love me, and me alone.

*Louise.* Oh, ma'am, such lovers are very scarce.

*Cec.* But instead of such happiness, what is my fate? To be married to one, whom I have scarcely ever seen, who comes to ask my hand, as though it were for a dance, with a "Miss, are you engaged?" "No, sir." "Will you do me the honour——" "With pleasure." Oh, it's dreadful!

*Re-enter POISSON, below, rubbing his eye.*

\* *Pois.* He's off—I had just caught him, when twisting round a corner, I came plump against a butcher's tray, and nearly knocked my eye out.

*Louise.* But suppose he should be some charming young man?

*Cec.* Oh, impossible! There never was but one charming young man. But come, Louise, I must dress. Oh, I am very unhappy. [Exeunt.]

\* *Pois.* I wonder if I shall ever be rich enough to marry my little darling Lolot. (Takes a piece of paper out of his pocket, and looks round to see that nobody is observing.) What if this lottery ticket should come up a prize? nobody knows I have bought it. I've nearly starved myself to save up the money. No. 519. It looks like a lucky number, 519—if it should!



\* *Lol.* [*Without.*] Be quiet, sir! Let me alone. Now you've got it. [*Enters C. D.*]

\* *Pois.* What's the matter, darling?

\* *Lol.* Oh nothing—only a fool of a man, who would speak to me.

\* *Pois.* What business have you to let any man speak to you when I'm away?

\* *Lol.* What business have you to be away when a man will speak to me?

\* *Pois.* What did he say?

\* *Lol.* Oh, some nonsense: but he wanted to take me round the waist.

\* *Pois.* And what did you do?

\* *Lol.* Slapped his face.

*Enter ARMAND ST. CLOUD, through centre door, above, rubbing his cheek. He is followed by ROBERT, carrying a portmanteau and carpet bag.*

*Arm.* It really was a stinger, and no mistake.

*Rob.* What name, sir?

\* *Pois.* My honour's been insulted.

*Arm.* Oh—ay—yes, to be sure. Say, Monsieur Armand St. Cloud. (*Exit Robert, L. D.*)

*Sans.* (*Looking on.*) Monsieur St. Cloud!

\* *Pois.* I'll be after that fellow!

\* *Lol.* Stuff! Besides, he went up the grand stairs to the banker's above,

*Arm.* How terribly travelling does disarrange one's costume. (*Goes up to looking-glass.*)

\* *Pois.* I know you looked at that fellow.

\* *Lol.* There, now, you are going to be jealous again. I won't have you—I won't! Go and walk it off.

\* *Pois.* I shan't walk it off—I'll never walk again——  
(*Walks up and down, then seats himself in a corner L. Louise goes to opposite side, takes a basket from under the table, seats herself, and commences peeling some potatoes. By-play of jealousy.*)

*Sans.* (*Coming forward.*) It is he! (*Making a low bow.*) What, sir, do you forget your old and faithful servant?

*Arm.* Well, to be sure! What, Sans Souci? Who would have thought it?

*Sans.* Then 'tis you who are to bless my young mistress with your hand? What a fortunate girl to get such a man.

*Arm.* Rather, I should think: but some people are born lucky. (*They appear to talk to each other—Sans Souci then exits R. D. Armand St. Cloud takes off his coat and waistcoat, and arranges his cravat in the glass, &c.*)



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\* *Pois.* Lolot, why don't you speak?

\* *Lol.* Why don't you?

\* *Pois.* Are you sure you knocked the dust out of his whiskers?

\* *Lol.* I should have knocked them off, if he'd had any.

\* *Pois.* Then my honour's satisfied; and now I'll help you peel the potatoes (*Goes and sits by her*)

*Sans* (*From room.*) What coat, sir?

*Arm.* The pea green.

\* *Lol.* Poisson, you never do anything towards housekeeping, now I do—look here. (*Shows money*) I have sold my work, and we'll all have such a nice supper

\* *Pois.* With all my heart: what shall it be?

\* *Lol.* A pig's head, boiled in vinegar!

*Enter SANS SOUCI, above, bringing in the coat and waistcoat, which he assists in putting on to Armand St. Cloud.*

*Sans.* How uncommonly well you are looking: you've the same handsome nose.

*Arm.* Why it would be strange if I had another, wouldn't it?

*Sans.* Ha, ha—as witty as ever!

\* *Lol.* (*Rising.*) There, now, that's done. I'll go and put them on the fire. You take the money, and run, and buy whatever you like best.

\* *Pois.* (*Taking the money.*) What a darling little wife she will make. Come, give me a kiss.

\* *Lol.* Don't be a fool. Well, then, make haste. (*Kisses her, and runs out c. d. She exits R. H.*)

*Sans.* You must have made your fortune very quickly, for when I served you, you had so little money, that had I not left you, I must have starved.

*Arm.* True—true. But you must know, it was my brother who made the fortune for me.

*Sans.* But I thought he was married.

*Arm.* Yes, he formed a silly, secret marriage, was then compelled to go to India alone. While away his wife bore a son, and then was kind enough to die. The child was put out to nurse with a poor tailor's wife of Strasburg—one Charlotte Stuckler, Duckler, or some such name—who, I believe, killed it with kindness and cabbage, for, on my brother's return, bringing with him a fortune worth a plum, the fruit of his industry, and a constitution not worth a penny, no trace could be found of the tailor, the wife, or the child, so he made me his heir, and, being fond of travelling, took a journey.

*Sans.* Where, sir?

*Arm.* To the other world.



Sans. How shocking!

Arm. Very: but perhaps it's as well. He could not enjoy it—I can. I have a copy of the will in my pocket. I've come to Paris to prove it, and touch a considerable sum. Do you know I do really think the girls of this place get prettier every day.

Sans. What, at your old tricks? But pray have pity on them. The girls of Paris are so simple, it would be cruel to deceive them.

Arm. Then let them keep out of my way, that's all. I should like to make a victim.

Sans. A what?

Arm. A victim. We call them victims. "Victim to a misplaced passion." There's something so damned distingué in having a victim: it gives one an éclat—a lift in society. By the bye, just as I was entering the house, there was the prettiest little thing at the door——

Sans. It must have been Lolot, the old clothesman's niece.

Arm. Indeed!

Sans. With striking eyes, and such a soft hand.

Arm. I found her hand the most striking of the two. I must see her again—she shall be my victim.

Sans. Oh, fie—and you about to be married?

Arm. No matter—and you must assist me. You know I'm generous. You may have that old coat. (*Pointing to the one he has just taken off.*) If it's too large, you can have it taken in. I often have things taken in.

Sans. (*Aside.*) Yes, and yourself, too, I think. This shall never go on my unworthy back. I'll keep it for your sake—(*Aside.*)—until I get down stairs to the old clothesman.

M. Dorville. (*Without.*) What say you—already arrived?

Sans. That's your intended father-in-law.

Arm. Leave us, and enquire about the angel below.

Sans. What, the victim?

Arm. Hush! (*As Sans Souci goes out at back, Monsieur Dorville enters from L. H. D.*)

Dor. A thousand pardons—they neglected telling me of your arrival. (*Takes his hand.*)

Arm. No apologies, father-in-law, I beg. But where's my angelic intended? I die with impatience.

Dor. All in good time. (*Aside.*) How uncommonly ugly he is! You have arrived at a most opportune moment, for I've a little party to-night of a few of my most intimate friends—about three hundred.

Arm. Three hundred! Ah, I'm glad it's not a large party for I'm a little fatigued.



*Dor. (Aside.)* I really did expect something better than this. Now I look at you, I don't think you are much like your handsome brother.

*Arm.* No, he had a short nose. But, father-in-law, where is my dear intended? I must see her.

*Dor.* She will not be visible until dinner.

*Arm.* Well, then, I'll take advantage of the time, and go at once to my lawyer. I have a little business with him, and business, you know, before pleasure—ha, ha!

*Dor. (Aside.)* He's a decided fool!

*Arm.* My father-in-law is as grave as a goose: he can't take a joke. May I be excused?

*Dor.* Make yourself at home; only remember we dine at seven.

*Arm.* Adieu, father-in-law. *(Aside.)* Now I'll see if I can't find the pretty girl below. I will have a victim! *(Exit.)*

*Dor.* What a figure! This comes of choosing a son-in-law by proxy. There's one comfort, my daughter need never be jealous of such a thing as that.

*Lan. (Entering.)* I've not enough to buy a rope to hang myself with.

*Dor.* Well, I must go my daughter, and endeavour to gild over the pill—it is certainly a nauseous one to swallow. I must point out the beauties of his moral character, his engaging manners, and, above all, his riches! *(Exit.)*

*Lan.* I can't borrow a single farthing; and what makes it better, I saw that Master Leonard talking to the pretty lady's maid up above. What if it should have been for her that he has left Havre?

*Enter LOLOT and VICTOR.*

*\* Vict.* School's over, papa, and I'm so hungry.

*\* Lan.* So hungry! Is eating all you learn at school? If so, you had better remain at home—you won't learn it there.

*\* Lol.* Don't be cross, uncle. I have given some money Poisson to get something nice, and we'll make a dinner and supper all in one, and be so happy for the rest of the night. Here comes Poisson!

*\* Enter POISSON, with a parcel under his arm.*

*\* Pois.* I rather think you'll say I'm a clever fellow now. I have done the business now, my darling.

*\* Lol.* Well, what have you bought?

*\* Pois.* Bought! Yes, I have bought something. Such a bargain! I think you'll say I now know how to lay money out. Look here. Don't be in a hurry. *(Opens parcel, and holds up the coat given to Sans Souci by Armand.)*

*\* Osmes.* Why that's a coat!



*Dor. (Aside.)* I really did expect something better than this. Now I look at you, I don't think you are much like your handsome brother.

*Arm.* No, he had a short nose. But, father-in-law, where is my dear intended? I must see her.

*Dor.* She will not be visible until dinner.

*Arm.* Well, then, I'll take advantage of the time, and go at once to my lawyer. I have a little business with him, and business, you know, before pleasure—ha, ha!

*Dor. (Aside.)* He's a decided fool!

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*\* Osmes.* Why that's a coat!



\* *Pois.* I should rather think it was. I could not resist buying it, it was so cheap.

\* *Lol.* But what have you done with the rest of the money?

\* *Pois.* The rest? Why this is worth double. He wanted me to give him more, but I overpersuaded him, and he took what you gave me—the fifteen francs.

\* *Lan.* Fifteen francs, you donkey? Why it's not worth five.

\* *Pois.* Come, I say, none of your nonsense.

\* *Lol.* All my money gone, and I can't get more. We shall all starve. Oh, dear—oh, dear!

\* *Vict.* And I'm so hungry—

\* *Lan.* Curse that boy, he's crying again.

\* *Pois.* Don't be stupid, all of you. I tell you it's worth double what I gave, and in ten minutes I could get as much for it.

\* *Lan.* Could you? Then go and try. For two pins I'd throw the coat, you, and myself behind the fire. (*Throws the coat down, & violently—Victor takes a paper that sticks out of one of the pockets, and begins to play with it.*)

\* *Pois.* Come, I say—that's my property.

\* *Vict.* Oh, won't this make me a prime cap. [*Snatches out at L. D.*]

\* *Lan.* You've put me in such a rage, that if I stay any longer, I know I shall do you a mischief. I'll go to the banker's steward—he wants to see me—I know it is to give us warning, and turn us out.

\* *Pois.* But, I say—

\* *Lan.* (*Going out C. D.*) Bah! (*Shuts the door in Poisson's face.*)

LEONARD enters, speaking.

\* *Leo.* Oh what happiness—what bliss!

\* *Pois.* What's in the wind now?

\* *Leo.* Oh, I am the happiest of mortals—I have found her! Only think, uncle, she is in the mansion above.

\* *Pois.* Why you don't mean the banker's daughter? Ha, ha—you're sure to get her, my boy. At all events, you have my consent, and I'm sure the banker will be proud of our connexion. If he won't make you his son-in-law, ask him to make you his valet. Now, Lolot, where is the coat? Let me see if I can't sell it. The banker's daughter—ha, ha—upon my soul, you make me laugh. (*To Lolot.*) Come along, darling.

(*Exit with Lolot.*)

\* *Leo.* She saw me from her window, and knew me. Her maid has promised to write me a line, to tell me whether she will consent to see me. But how will she manage it? [*Sits himself, as if lost in imagination.*]



• *Pois.* I should rather think it was. I could not resist buying it, it was so cheap.

• *Lol.* But what have you done with the rest of the money?

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(*Exit with Lolot.*)

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*Enter ARMAND ST. CLOUD, and SANS SOUCI.*

*Arm.* Yes; upon my life, I've seen her again, and when she looked at me, she burst out laughing.

*Sans.* Well, that's something.

*Arm.* Oh, yes: I've evidently made an impression. But how shall I get an interview?

*Sans.* Write to her.

*Arm.* Write! But who'll be the postman?

*Sans.* That window?

*Arm.* Oh, yes: I know—I've seen it done in the ballets. Tie the letter to a dear little ribbon, and let it down. I say, get me a dear little ribbon, will you? a pale pink.

*Sans.* Why her window is exactly under this, and every day at this hour, she is always working near it and alone.

*Arm.* You don't say so. (*Looks out.*)

*Leo.* (*Rising and opening the window.*) Perhaps I may observe something from this window. Ah, no—(*Places his hand on the sill of the window.*)

*Arm.* She's there. I see her delicate little hand. I could devour it with kisses. (*Leans out and nearly overbalances himself.*) Oh! Oh!

*Sans.* (*Seizing him by the legs, and dragging him in.*) You'll be found out!

*Arm.* I was uncommonly near being found out with a vengeance. But we must not lose a moment—get the ribbon ready and I'll write the billet doux. (*Runs to opposite side to table and writes rapidly—unrolls a piece of red tape.*)

*Sans.* (*Laughing.*) This tape that master uses for tying up his papers, will do exactly.

*Arm.* I've done it—and I think I have done it. Be quick tie it on. (*Gives it to Sans Souci, and looks out of window.*) I don't see her hand—hem—hem!

\* *Leo.* What ever comfort I can receive must come from above.

*Sans.* (*Letting down letter.*) Hem—hem!

\* *Leo.* Eh! that sounded like a signal. (*Looks towards window.*) What do I see? a letter!

\* *Lan.* (*Appearing L. H.*) A letter! it's from that minx of a maid above.

\* *Leo.* (*Not hearing Landré.*) She has kept her word—that letter is for me.

\* *Lan.* (*Getting to window before Leonard.*) Is it? (*Seizes the letter.*)

\* *Leo.* Oh, heavens!

*Sans.* The fish bites!



*Arm.* We've caught a maid !

\* *Lan.* (*Opening note.*) Now let us see. So you must have an intrigue, must you !

\* *Leo.* But, father—

*Arm.* We're devilish clever fellows, ain't we ?

\* *Lan.* (*Reading.*) "Do not doubt but that I love you, and my joy would be to tell you so."

\* *Leo.* Is it possible ? oh, bliss !

*Arm.* Hadn't you better draw up the line ?

*Sans.* No, no—wait for the answer.

\* *Lan.* (*Reading.*) An assignation after dark. Wants an answer, too. She shall not wait long for that. I'll write it myself. (*Goes to table.*)

\* *Leo.* Father, what are you about to do ?

*Arm.* She's a precious long time—perhaps she can't spell, and is looking in the dictionary. I'll be bound she's searching for the most delicate and tender expressions.

\* *Lan.* (*Writing.*) "Audacious wretch"—

\* *Leo.* For mercy's sake, do not write that.

\* *Lan.* I will, and ten times worse. A minx, to try and seduce my boy.

\* *Leo.* Indeed, father, our attachment is the most sincere.

\* *Lan.* So much the worse. (*Ties letter to tape.*)

\* *Leo.* You'll never send that letter ?

\* *Lan.* (*Keeping him back.*) Ba ba ba ba

*Arm.* Have you got another nibble ?

*Sans.* She bites !

*Arm.* That's the signal—pull—

\* *Leo.* It's gone, and I am lost—but at all hazards she shall know that it was not I who sent it.

\* *Lan.* What are you murmuring about ?

\* *Leo.* Father, you have driven me to despair.

\* *Lan.* Boy, boy—stay, stay—are you mad ? (*Rushes out.*)

*Arm.* (*Kissing the letter.*) I've got it—only listen. (*Reads.*)

"Audacious wretch"—

*Sans.* Yes, you certainly have got it.

*Arm.* Now what can she mean by that ?

*Sans.* I think her meaning is pretty plain.

*Arm.* (*Reading.*) "Audacious wretch, it is not for such a thing as you that my heart can beat. I am poor, but honest." Poor, but honest ! Oh, I see it all now : she's a mercenary baggage, and requires to be wooed like another Danaë in a shower of gold. She shall have it—yes, she shall have it. I'll run to my lawyer, get the funds—and oh, lor !

*Sans.* What's the matter ?



*Arm.* What—what have I done with the copy of the will?  
*Oh, I remember—it's in the pocket of the coat I gave you.*  
*Just run and fetch it.*

*Sans.* Run and fetch it? that's impossible.

*Arm.* Why, what do you mean?

*Sans.* Finding that it would not fit me, I went and sold it.

*Arm.* Sold it? I'm ruined—there was my pocket book filled with bank bills, and all my private papers. *(Seizes his hat.)*  
 Who did you sell it to?

*Sans.* To the clothesman below.

*Arm.* I'll give two hundred francs for it back again. How shall we get it?

*Sans.* *(Looking through window.)* And see there—there's the very man selling it again to the barber's lad, a few doors off.

*Arm.* The devil he is! Quick—let us after him. *(They hurry out.)*

*\* Lan.* *(Entering.)* I find that young legs are swifter than old ones. He has given me the slip. Heigho! Now, then, to see what we can dispose of. Little by little, every thing is going. Let us see—ah, here's a frying pan—that's of no use, when we've nothing to fry in it—that may go. An old pair of bellows—they're no use, when we've no fire to blow—they may go. I wish I had not lost so many of my teeth, I'd have sold them, for they're of no use without food. A toasting fork, a shovel, a pair of tongs, and a poker — *(Takes all the things up in his hands.)*

*LOLOT and POISSON enter dancing.*

*\* Lol.* Oh, uncle—what do you think?

*\* Lan.* Why that you're both mad. What's the matter?

*\* Pois.* You'll call me a fool again, will you? Oh, I don't understand buying and selling don't I? Oh, no, certainly not—I'm a donkey.

*\* Lan.* What the devil do you mean?

*\* Pois.* You remember the coat I bought so cheap—it's sold.

*\* Lan.* Sold! for how much?

*\* Pois.* Two hundred francs.

*\* Lan.* *(Letting all the things fall.)* Two hundred francs! and who was the fool?

*\* Lol.* The silly fellow who has just arrived up above. But now we've got all this money, what shall we do with it?

*\* Lan.* Why I think we had better pay our debts.

*\* Pois.* No, no—you must not give way to extravagance.

*\* Lol.* Suppose you buy some new shirts.

*\* Pois.* No, that would lead to the expense of washing.

*\* Vick.* *(Entering from side.)* I say, father, ain't we to have any dinner?



\* *Pois.* That's it—that's it—you clever little fellow—yes, we'll get into the fresh air—dine out of town—we'll go to the sign of the "Crumpet and Shrimps," and there we'll dine.

\* *Lan.* So we will. We'll have a good dinner to-day, if we starve for it to-morrow. Where's my best coat? Oh, I forget, I've got it on. Bring me the looking-glass. (*Victor brings down a piece of looking-glass, and holds it to him.*) You know when one is going into company, one should attend a little to appearances: a genteel appearance does wonders. (*Ties a most extravagant bow in his old white neckerchief, combs his hair with his fingers &c.*)

\* *Lol.* (*To Poisson.*) Here, let me do it for you. (*Puts his cravat in order*)

\* *Pois.* Bless your little heart, I can see myself in your eye. [*Winks at her.*]

\* *Lol.* None of your impudence, sir: there, now put on your hat. [*Pushes a very shabby old hat on the side of his head.*] I think your face wants washing.

\* *Pois.* We want stay for that now. I can do it at the pump as I go along. Where's my stick? [*Finds it.*]

\* *Lan.* I must not forget my new umbrella. An umbrella under the arm gives a man a sort of air. (*Takes up a very old umbrella—they both strut about.*)

\* *Lol.* I've only got to put on my bonnet—I won't be long.

\* *Pois.* We can walk on. You'll find us at the oyster stall; a few dozen oysters gives one an appetite. Come along, partner.

\* *Lan.* Poisson, I'm sure we were intended to be rich, we have such a naturally genteel air. [*They take hold of each other's arms, and exeunt singing, followed by Victor, imitating their manner.*]

\* *Lol.* [*Placing the looking-glass on the table by the window, she commences putting on her bonnet. Her back is towards the c. d.*] I must make haste, for although a few oysters would not do much harm, I know Poisson's propensity for making them swim in stronger waters than fish are generally used to.

*Enter LOUISE, from centre door, above, as if speaking mysteriously to some one without.*

*Louise.* Stay there a moment, and I'll see whether they have yet finished dinner.

*CECILIA enters from side door, L. melancholy.*

*Cec.* I could bear it no longer, so left the table with the ladies' friend-in need—a headache.

*Louise.* You here, madam—so soon from table?

*Cec.* Oh, Louise, I have at last seen my intended.

*Louise.* And he has taken away your appetite.



*Cec.* Oh, such a vile wretch—so different to him.

*Louise.* Hush—he's there. [*Points to door.*]

*Cec.* Oh, heavens!

*Louise.* I could not resist his prayers. He has, he says, something of moment to communicate.

*Cec.* Let him enter. Indebted to him as I am, how can I refuse? [*Goes to L. H. D.*] Oh, if my father should come!

*ARMAND ST. CLOUD enters cautiously c. d. below, and places his cane on the chair, L.*

*\* Arm.* I've had a glass or two of champagne, and feel overflowing with love and courage. [*Sees Lolot.*] There she is. [*During the scene above stairs Armand St. Cloud goes on tiptoe to the different doors to see no one is there.*]

*Enter LEONARD, above.*

*Leo.* Oh, heavens, 'tis she!

*Cec.* Then you too, sir, are in Paris?

*Leo.* Yes, madam; and blessed be the day I came, for it has brought me near you, whom I had despaired of ever seeing more.

*Cec.* [*To Louise.*] You see he has not forgotten me.

*Louise.* [*To Cecile.*] He is certainly better than the other. But, then, the son of an old clothesman——

*Cec.* [*To Louise.*] That did not prevent his saving my life.

*Leo.* May I hope for pardon for thus intruding?

*\* Arm.* [*Going behind Lolot, and suddenly placing his hands over her eyes.*] I've got you!

*\* Lol.* Don't, Poisson; there's nothing offends me more than being startled.

*Cec.* My father will be delighted to see, and thank-you.

*Lou.* [*Aside.*] I doubt it!

*\* Lol.* Be quiet!

*Leo.* It was not for thanks I came, but to explain that dreadful letter you have received.

*Cec.* I received? [*Cecile and Louise, in action, seem to be asking and replying to each other about the letter.*]

*\* Arm.* I will have a kiss!

*\* Lol.* Then it shall be on my hand. [*Turns quickly and slaps his face, then sees her mistake.*] Dear me, is that you? I hope I've not hurt you.

*\* Arm.* Not in the least—I'm getting used to it. [*Rubbing his face.*] I hope she hasn't loosened my teeth! [*Grinds his teeth.*]

*Louise.* Indeed we have received no letter.

*Leo.* Thanks! I feared you would have accused me—and, oh, I am so miserable.

*\* Lol.* Well, what are you grinning there for? What do you want?



*Cec.* Why are you miserable?

\* *Arm.* To punish you for sending me that cruel letter.

\* *Lol.* I! I can't write.

\* *Leo.* How can I dare to tell you—yet at the bottom of my heart lies a hope—I know it is a mad one—that forms my only dream of happiness.

[Armand goes and locks L. H. D.]

\* *Lol.* Why what is he about?

*Leo.* But I must renounce all hope, and wake from my blissful dream.

*Louise.* You're quite right.

*Ceo.* Be quiet, Louise; you'll drive him to despair.

\* *Arm.* Now, my little pouter—my little ringdove, my—

\* *Lol.* You quite alarm me. Keep off, sir, do! [*Gently repulsing him.*]

*Leo.* I feel, madam, that all I have now to do is to take an eternal adieu.

*Cec.* What a pity my father is so rich.

*Leo.* What do I hear?

\* *Lol.* He really looks very pretty when he smiles. But I mustn't laugh. Are you going, sir?

\* *Arm.* Going! for what?

*Dor.* [*Without.*] Cecile! Cecile!

*Cec.* Who was that?

\* *Lol.* Because there is a certain gentleman named Poisson, who has two hands much harder than mine.

[*Louise runs to door, and looks out.*]

*Louise.* Oh, ma'am, it's your father—

\* *Pois.* [*Without.*] Lolot! Lolot!

\* *Arm.* Who the devil's that? Not the gentleman with the hard hands, I hope.

\* *Lol.* It is, though.

*Louise.* [*To Leonard.*] Hide yourself.

*Cec.* Not for the world.

\* *Arm.* I say, quick, quick—hide me—

\* *Lol.* Hide you? Oh, he'll do that. Yet, stay—get into this pantry. [*Opens door and pushes him in.*]

*Louise.* What will become of us? Here's master.

*Enter M. DORVILLE, holding a paper in his hand.*

\* *Lol.* Shut the door—he's here—

*Enter POISSON, below.*

*Dor.* What do I see? A young man with my daughter!

\* *Pois.* Why, Lolot, we've been waiting an hour for you.

\* *Leo.* [*Confused.*] Sir!

*Cec.* [*Confused.*] Father!

\* *Pois.* Why what's the matter with you? You're trembling.



\* *Arm.* [*From closet.*] At all events, I am!

*Dor.* [*Eyeing them.*] They seem confused!

\* *Lol.* Come, let us be off.

\* *Pois.* Not just yet. Your cheeks are as red as a slice of beet root. There's a lover again!

\* *Lol.* Nonsense!

*Dor.* I shall be, at your leisure, sir, glad to know to what I owe this honour.

*Leo.* What shall I say to him?

\* *Pois.* [*Having looked about, finds Armand St. Cloud's cane*] Nonsense, is it—look here, Armand St. Cloud took out!

*Dor.* Well, sir?

*Louise.* This gentleman is—sir——

*Dor.* I did not address my words to you.

\* *Lol.* Why that's a stick.

\* *Pois.* Yes, and so somebody else shall find out. [*Armand St. Cloud pops his head in again.*]

\* *Lol.* [*Half laughing, whispers to Poisson.*] It's the fool of a fellow up stairs; I've shut him in the pantry.

\* *Pois.* Then we've got something in the pantry at last.

\* *Lol.* Yes; a calves head!

[*Poisson tucks up his sleeve, and brandishes the cane, as if bent on something desperate.* Armand St. Cloud keeps peeping out.]

*Cec.* Father, this is the gentleman that saved my life at Havre, and—and——

*Dor.* Indeed! [*To Leonard.*] And you come, no doubt, for reward for your services.

\* *Lol.* [*Pretending to be frightened.*] What would you do—commit murder? [*Holding him back and laughing.*] He'll die of fright!

*Leo.* That, sir, was not my motive.

*Dor.* Why not? the labourer is worthy of his hire. [*Offers purse.*] There is a trifle on account.

*Cec.* Oh, father!

*Leo.* How humiliated I feel!

*Dor.* Had you, then, the presumption to hope a different recompense?

*Cec.* Dear father! [*She goes to him, and in dumb show appears to be explaining.*]

\* *Pois.* There's a coat, I tell you, in that cupboard that wants beating, and I'll give it a good 'un! [*Forcibly open the door, Armand St. Cloud slips out, Lolot falls on her knees to Poisson.*]

\* *Lol.* Indeed, indeed he's not my lover?



- \* *Arm.* No, indeed I'm not. Do I look like a lover?
- \* *Pois.* Why, bless me, if it ain't that good-looking gentleman who gave me two hundred francs for an old coat.
- \* *Arm.* To be sure it is.
- \* *Pois.* But how came you in that cupboard?
- \* *Arm.* Oh, that is easily explained. I came to---to---[*To Lolot.*]---didn't I?
- \* *Lol.* Oh, yes, he came---[*Aside to Armand.*] I'll get you out of it. [*To Poisson.*] The fact is, he was so delighted to get back the coat and his papers---
- \* *Arm.* But I didn't get the papers.
- \* *Lol.* Yes, so pleased at getting back his papers, that he called in to give you another fifty francs.
- \* *Arm.* [*To Lolot.*] Gently---gently, I say.
- \* *Lol.* He was just about to give it me, when, hearing you coming, the witty rogue declared he'd give you an agreeable surprise by popping out of the cupboard, and popping the money into your own hand. Wasn't it good? Ha, ha, ha!
- \* *Pois.* Excellent---ha, ha, ha!
- \* *Arm.* Why the fellow laughs like a bull!
- \* *Lol.* [*To Armand.*] Laugh, and give the money. [*He attempts to laugh.*]
- \* *Arm.* I can't laugh---he he he! That's precious easy of her, though: but I suppose I'd better give it---there---[*Gives money.*]
- \* *Pois.* You're very obliging, and at any time you are passing, and feel inclined to pass half an hour in yon shady retreat, I shall be most happy to see you there.
- \* *Arm.* If ever you do see me there again, I'll give you leave to---
- \* *Lol.* What?
- \* *Arm.* Cook me, and eat me! [*Exit c. D. Both laugh.*]
- \* *Pois.* Now, then, let us make haste. Come along, my love---come along. [*Exeunt c. D.*]
- Dor.* No more of this. I have no time to lose upon old clothesmen's sons.
- Leo.* That tone of contempt-----
- Dor.* Or perhaps you are not his son.
- Leo.* For my father I have no cause to blush
- Dor.* Then keep to your shop: or, as I owe you somewhat, if you prefer it, I will procure you a situation at Havre, in the house of Fournel.
- Leo.* That would be useless. I have but just quitted it. That house is upon the point of stopping payment.
- Dor.* [*Agitated.*] What say you? When did you arrive in Paris?



Leo. Two days ago.

Dor. [To himself.] Then it can't be. I should have known it yesterday. [To Leopold.] So, sir, you would descend to falsehoods to avenge yourself?

Leo. This is too much!

Cec. In mercy, father—

ARMAND ST. CLOUD enters at back.

Arm. Some one is in a mess here, too.

Dor. [Seeing St. Cloud.] Is that you, son-in-law?

Leo. His son-in-law!

Dor. Can you imagine the impudence of this person—daring to approach my daughter.

Arm. Why if it ain't the son of the old rogue down below.

Leo. Were it not for the respect I owe this young lady, I'd tell you to the ground. But we shall meet again.

Louise. Sir, sir—my young lady—[Runs to Cecile, who is fainting.]

Dor. Quick, take her to her chamber; a little air will revive her. [He assists Louise to support Cecile as far as the side door.]

Arm. [To Leonard.] There, just see what you're done.

Dor. Begone, sir—[Rings bell.]—since you refuse the reward for a service which chance alone placed in your power to perform,

ROBERT appears at door at back.

Leo. The day may yet come, sir, when I shall claim it. [To Armand, aside.] And as for you, I know now where to find you. To-morrow morning at six I shall be here. [Dorville points to Robert to show Leonard out; in passing, Leonard gives Armand a look which makes him jump out of his way. Dorville then throws himself into the easy chair, L. H. Armand does the same, R. H.]

Dor. [Laughing.] It's really too ridiculous to be angry about. That fellow has killed me.

Arm. [Half aside.] I hope he won't be so funny with me to-morrow.

Dor. [Gradually becomes serious.] Can there be any truth in what he said of the house of Fournell? For me it would prove dreadful.

Arm. Why, father-in-law; what's the matter?

(Forcing a laugh.) Oh, nothing, nothing. (To himself.) I cannot shake off this feeling of apprehension. (Music heard as if from ball room.) But, hark—our company have begun to arrive. You will enjoy the ball you'll have to-night.

Arm. It's more than I shall the ball to-morrow, I'm afraid.

Dor. Now, then, to the ball—to the ball!



*Ann.* If there's one thing I shine in more than another—it is a dance. (*Throws his arm round Dorville's waist, and gallops off.* Robert and Servants enter, who light up the apartments, place card tables, &c.)

Enter LOLOT and VICTOR, below, followed by LANDRE, and POISSON, all in high glee. Poisson and Landre intoxicated.

\* *Lan.* Poisson, that was what I call a supper.

\* *Pois.* A supper! a banquet: and, only to think, all produced from an old coat.

\* *Lan.* Lolot, light the lamp.

\* *Lol.* (*To Poisson.*) Give me a match.

\* *Pois.* A match! Where shall I find a match for you, unless it's myself?

\* *Lol.* Stuff! they're on the buffet.

\* *Pois.* (*Feels against the wall.*) But where shall I find the buffet? It's gone out—it's not at home.

\* *Lol.* Oh—ah—I forgot where you have been. (*Finds the matches, and lights a candle, which stands in a bottle.*)

\* *Pois.* (*Rubs his stomach.*) I can't imagine what ails me here?

\* *Lol.* Why you've eaten too much.

\* *Pois.* No—I think it is that I have drunk too little. That is the worst of dining where there are women—one's obliged to be so careful. (*Nearly falls, but supports himself by Victor.*)

\* *Vict.* Oh—uncle——

\* *Lan.* Lolot, take that poor child to bed—he is sinking under intoxication. There's a good boy—kiss your papa.

\* *Pois.* And your amiable uncle. And you, Lolot, embrace your future lord and master.

\* *Lol.* Thank you: but I'll wait till you are such. Come, Victor——(*Landre and Poisson embrace Victor—Landre appears to bless him. Exeunt Victor and Lolot.*)

\* *Lan.* What a charming child—who is so dutiful, he did not refuse a single glass of wine when I commanded him—and I'm sure I did so twenty times. Would that Leonard was so obedient!

*Enter LEONARD, below.*

\* *Leo.* Driven from her father's door——

\* *Lan.* Out of temper, are you, young gentleman? Had some rupture with your princess, I suppose?

\* *Leo.* Father!

\* *Lan.* The impudence of falling in love with a banker's daughter. You see I know all—Poisson told me. Where have you been, sir—instead of passing a respectable evening with us



\* *Leo.* I was not well.

\* *Pois.* For that complaint there's nothing like eating and drinking—I mean in moderation—as I do.

\* *Lan.* (*Who by degrees becomes excited*) Oh, yes—you can neglect us, because we can't feed your vanity—because you despise us.

\* *Leo.* Despise you—you whom I honour and respect—the author of my being——

\* *Lan.* Go, sir, to your parents above—go and ridicule those who have brought you up—have educated you—watched over you, as though you had been their own child——

\* *Leo.* What do I hear?

\* *Lan.* (*Crying.*) You're an ingrate!

\* *Pois.* (*Crying.*) The worst of ingrates, for you're no gratitude.

\* *Lan.* No heart——

\* *Pois.* No soul——

\* *Lan.* Begone!

\* *Pois.* Begone!

\* *Lan.* (*Louder.*) Begone!

\* *Leo.* (*Overcome.*) You, too, drive me from hence?

\* *Lan.* (*Touched.*) Only look, Poisson, he's crying. Leonard, my dear boy—listen. What I said was only to vex you, for, in my heart, I do really love!

\* *Pois.* And so do I.

\* *Lan.* But never mind; be a good boy, and if I am no longer your father——

\* *Leo.* Again! What say you—not my father!

\* *Lan.* You shall still be my son.

\* *Pois.* He's drunk, and letting out all his secrets.

\* *Lan.* Here, embrace me—good night!

\* *Leo.* But, for mercy's sake, proceed——

\* *Lan.* I'm too much moved to continue. I shall go to bed. (*Staggered out.*)

\* *Pois.* That man has been drinking. Well, it's no business of mine. [*Goes behind fireplace, and brings out the tressel bedstead, &c. which he places between the fireplace and the window.*]

\* *Leo.* What have I heard? My heart beats with hope and fear.

\* *Pois.* I'm afraid I'm not well. I've taken nothing to disagree with me. (*Brings forward the mattress and bolster.*)

\* *Leo.* My dear Poisson, Monsieur Landre has no secrets from you. For heaven's sake, explain!

\* *Pois.* (*Still with bed things.*) What? It's all explained. "You are no longer my son, but I shall always be your father." Isn't that clear?



Leo. It is, then, possible. I am not, then, the son of Monsieur Landré. But why this mystery?

\* *Pois.* You had better ask him. He always hid the truth from me, his own respectable brother-in-law, till he opened his mouth so often to let the wine in, that he let the truth out. *(Puts the things on bedstead.)*

\* *Leo.* And who was it consigned me to his care?

\* *Pois.* *(Getting on the bed.)* That man must have been a comfortable dog who invented a bed—don't you think so?

\* *Leo.* In mercy; go on!

\* *Pois.* *(As if about to tell a tale of great moment.)* It was about the time when—when my sister, the late Charlotte Shuckler, who gained an honest living by fattening geese's livers at Strasbourg, for making pasties, when one evening a stranger sent her twenty pieces of gold, which he brought in a cradle, and presenting her with an infant, which he took from his breeches pocket-----*(Getting sleepy.)*

\* *Leo.* That was myself!

\* *Pois.* Which—the stranger or the infant? Well, you must know, at last---Garçon! some more wine like the last. *(Falls asleep.)*

\* *Leo.* Poisson! Poisson, if you love me, proceed. *(Poisson snores.)* He sleeps, and it is impossible for me to learn more. Then it is to that kind and good old man, Landré, that I owe everything: who during twenty years has sacrificed everything for the poor orphan, and I---I have never yet done ought for him. He was right---I am no better than an ingrate. But I will repair all. Yes, the dream of my heart is gone, and I must rouse myself to the stern realities of life. The situation offered to me in America I must now accept. I will hasten to secure it, and then farewell--farewell to all I ever loved!

*(Hurries out.)*

Guests enter and place themselves in different parts of the room.

DORVILLE enters from L. H. with CECILE, whom he introduces to several parties.

*Arm.* *(Entering hurriedly.)* I've lost my partner—has any body seen my partner?

*Dor.* What happiness surrounds me! I feel as though I could defy fortune to make me miserable.

Enter HERMAN. He appears greatly agitated. He has several papers in his hands.

Well, Herman, what brings you here to-night?

*Her.* Misfortune, sir, I have this moment received information that in a storm off Flushing twenty ships have gone down.

*Dor.* *(To Herman.)* And my two vessels?

*Her.* Both lost—with all hands aboard.



Dor. Horror!

Arm. I say, father-in-law—eh—why, what's the matter?

Dor. Nothing, nothing—leave me—

(A loud knocking below, heard without, and several voices calling "Poisson! Poisson!")

\* Pois. What the devil's that? Is there another revolution?  
(Gets up.)

\* Voices. (Without.) Poisson—Poisson! Open the door!

\* Pois. You must let me open my eyes. (Opens door. Enter several Neighbours of various trades—some with lanterns.)

Dor. (Aside to Herman.) And the house of Fournell at Havre—

Het? Has failed, and the funds have fallen immensely.

Dor. Then I am ruined!

\* Omnes. Long life to friend Poisson!

Enter LANDRE, in disorder, night cap on his head. He is followed by LOLOT and Victor, who wears a fool's cap made from the paper he took from coat pocket.)

\* Lan. What's the matter? Fire, or murder, or what?

\* 1st. Neighbour. The lottery at Bordeaux has been drawn, and Poisson has won one thousand crowns.

\* Omnes. Horrah!

Cec. Dear father, you are ill. (They all appear concerned.)

Dor. No, no—nothing. Go on with the dance. (Looks at more papers.) Worse and worse—I am ruined past hope.  
(Falls back in his chair.)

\* Lan. A prize! shy dog—and never told me of it. 'First Neighbour gives Poisson a paper.)

Omnes. Ruined! (All talk to each other.)

Arm. I'm glad I'm not married. (The music ceases.)

\* Pois. Yes, it's all quite right. That's my number, 519.

Suns. (Carrying a salver.) I suppose I may as well dismiss the musicians.

Arm. I suppose you may, for I'm not going to pay for them.  
(The company disperse by degrees.)

\* Vict. Oh, that will be prime. (Begins to dance about.)

\* Lan. (Pulling off paper cap from Victor.) Be quiet, you little fool.

\* Vict. Give me my cap—

\* Lan. Spoiling the paper so. I suppose it's a bill. (Looks at it.)

Dor. All forsake me

Cec. How misfortune proves how many friends we have.

\* Pois. (Embracing all.) Good fortune, and lots of friends go hand in hand together: take your partners, gentlemen.

\* Lo. (Looking out of the door.) And, oh, how lucky—the soldiers are just going away from up stairs.



\* *Pois.* Bring 'em in: we can pay for their rosin now.  
*Dor.* Armand St. Cloud—my friends—all gone—  
*Cec.* But your daughter, who will never abandon you.  
\* *Lan.* [*While the others are taking their places.*] What have I read? Charlotte Shuckler—the name of my wife. This is a will. Gracious powers! [*He hides it quickly.*]  
\* *Cec.* [*Alarmed.*] My dear father! Louise—help, help! [*During the scene below, Louise brings on smelling-bottle—Cecile takes off the cravat from her father's neck.*]  
\* *Pois.* Hurrah! now for the dance.  
 [*Dorville appears to have fainted.*]

FINALE.

*During which all the Characters below dance.*

Dame Fortune gives her whirlingigs,  
 In life's galanty show,  
 And while she turns her twirligigs,  
 Above becomes Below.

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

ABOVE.

*A handsome Apartment in the Banker's House. A fireplace in c. On each side is a window, looking into the street. In each side piece is a door. Very near the flat L. H. a writing table and arm chair. On the table are several account books, papers, ink, &c. &c.*

*M. DORVILLE* discovered seated. Candles are burning on the table, almost consumed.

BELOW.

*Inside of the Port Cochere. The upper floor is supported by two columns. R. H. is seen the Porter's Lodge, which advances a few feet on the Stage. In the side, to the audience, is a practicable window. The door looks towards the L. H. A chair by it. The principal staircase is seen beneath an archway.*

*The Porter* discovered, sipping from a cup of coffee, listening to *SANS SOUCI*. They are surrounded by *Robert*, a Water Carrier, a Milk Girl, and a Baker, each with the utensils proper to their different callings.

\* *Porter.* [*Amused.*] What! your master?  
 \* *Milk Girl.* The rich banker above?



\* *Sans.* Completely in the mire.

*Dor. (Meditating.)* Fortunately no one in the house suspects any thing yet. A pretty subject it would make for gossip, if the servants but knew it.

\* *Porter.* But what brought it about?

\* *Sans.* A fall in the stocks—vessels lost at sea, other bankers breaking, and a few things of that sort.

\* *Milk Girl.* Poor man!

\* *Porter.* It's shocking.

\* *Rob.* Poor master! how I pity him.

\* *Sans.* Pity him! serve him right—a proud upstart.

*Dor.* I know I am beloved by my servants, but still—

\* *Rob.* Well, I've eaten of his bread, and I pity him.

\* *Baker.* Yes, and you've eaten of mine at the same time, and you may pity me, for I suppose I shall never be paid. I should like to hang him. *(All appear to be talking together.)*

*Dor.* I have but one hope left, but on that I can rely. My amiable son-in-law may yet save me, before anything is known.

\* *Sans.* Well, you'll see there will not be a soul to befriend him.

\* *Rob.* I say there will.

\* *Sans.* I say there won't. *(They appear to dispute.)*

*Dor.* All my accompts are balanced, and 500,000 francs will revent any exposure. Oh, he cannot refuse me such a trifle. Oh, no—I'll go to him at once. *[Exit L. H.]*

*Enter POISSON, R. H.*

\* *Pois.* Holloa! What's all this noise, so early in the morning? a gentleman can't sleep.

\* *Omnes.* Ha, ha!

\* *Sans.* *[Slapping him on the shoulder.]* Well, old boy!

\* *Pois.* *(Drawing himself up.)* Your familiarity is offensive young man.

\* *Sans.* *To the others.]* Listen to the jack-daw with the peacock's feathers. So, I suppose, then it is true you really got a prize in the lottery!

\* *Pois.* A trifle.

\* *Baker.* Oh, then you can pay me the money you owe me.

\* *Milk Girl.* And my bill, too!

\* *Omnes.* *[One after the other.]* And mine, and mine, and mine!

\* *Pois.* My good people, call in an hour, and if your accompts be correct, they shall be discharged.

\* *Baker.* Come along, neighbours. This is a slice of luck for us, if he is not deceiving us. Rolls is riz! *(Tradespeople exeunt.)*

\* *Porter.* *(Laughing.)* Will your honour want a porter?



\* *Pois.* Perhaps I may, little man.

\* *Sans.* (*Bowing.*) Or a valet?

\* *Pois.* If you improve in your mauners, and can get a good character from your last place, you might perhaps suit me.

\* *Porter.* (*Opens the door.*) Upon my life this is too much. Open it yourself. (*Goes into his lodge.*)

\* *Sans.* (*With mock respect.*) Shall I do it for your honour?

\* *Pois.* Do!

\* *Sans.* If I do I'll eat it. (*To himself.*) But I'll go and open my mind to my master above—and just get my money out of his hands, while it's to be had. He's not going to do me. (*Goes up stairs.*)

\* *Rob.* Now that fellow's gone to 'annoy poor master. I know he has. I shall never be satisfied until I have kicked him.

\* *Pois.* And when you have, I'll take you into my service.

\* *Rob.* Come, no more of your jokes. I know you've been deceiving us all: but you're a good fellow, and if ever you should really want a groom, I'm your man. (*Goes up.*)

\* *Pois.* Now then I'll be off to the office, and if all is right, the first money I spend shall be in a wedding-ring for Lolot—bless her! (*Exit at back.*)

*Enter DORVILLE, agitated.*

*Dor.* St. Clond has gone out: he has, doubtless, gone to his agents to procure the necessary assistance for me. (*A knock heard. Dorville seating himself at table.*) Ah, there he is! come in.

*Enter SANS SOUCI.*

*Dor.* Ah, my faithful fellow! What do you want?

*Sans.* I hardly know what to say. Why, sir, after what has just transpired, I thought——

*Dor.* Kind fellow—you thought this showing your attachment at such a moment——

*Sans.* Not exactly: but——

*Dor.* But what?

*Sans.* I want my money before the business is blown.

*Dor.* Insolent!

*Sans.* (*Whispering.*) I won't tell any of the other creditors—I'll act like a friend.

*Dor.* Can I believe my ears?

*Sans.* It's no use mincing the matter—you're ruined, and I will have my money.

*Dor.* Dare to speak to me thus, I'll have you driven from the house.

*Sans.* As a servant you may do it, but not as a creditor. I will have my money—or, rather, my cousin's.



*Dor.* Let your cousin present himself, and leave me.

*Sans.* Ah, your fine airs won't do now.

*Dor.* (*Seizing a stick.*) Scoundrel!

*Sans.* There was a time when you might have caned me with pleasure, but you can't afford to pay for it now, so stand off!

*Dor.* Is there no one who will throw that villain out of window? (*Robert pops his head in at door.*)

[*A knock heard, below. A Notary enters at back.*]

*Rob.* Did you want me, sir?

*Dor.* Turn that varlet out of the room.

+ *Notary.* (*As he passes lodge.*) Monsieur Dorville!

+ *Porter.* [*His head from window.*] Go up the grand staircase, there. [*Exit Notary up stairs.*]

*Rob.* Come, Sans Souci, you hear master—

*Sans.* I do: and I'll go, but it will be only to seek for revenge. (*Exeunt with Robert.*)

*Dor.* How foolish to be annoyed by such a fellow. But what can we expect from such people—they think of nothing but money.

*Enter NOTARY.*

Ah, my friend—I have been waiting your arrival with the greatest anxiety.

*Notary.* I grieve to say it, but your misfortunes are known all over Paris. Your creditors have already had a meeting: you must stop payment.

*Dor.* Impossible they do not know the position of my affairs—look here. (*They both examine books & papers.*)

*Enter POISSON, below, with a coarse bag filled with money. He comes on dancing and capering about, followed by Tradespeople.*

+ *Pois.* Well, my good people, you are punctual. Money makes a famous time-keeper. Wonders will never cease—I'm actually going to pay my bills. (*Takes bills till his hands are quite full.*) Now range yourselves there in a line like a string of onions. I may well say onions, for you have often brought the tears into my eyes. [*Looks over bills.*]

*Notary.* These sums are very doubtful.

*Dor.* True—but then this house, which is to be sold to-day—

*Notary.* But if the sale of this house realize fifty thousand francs, it is all we can expect.

+ *Pois.* Brandy, forty-nine francs—water, four sous—[*Two persons advance and take the money.*]

+ *Men.* Thanks, your honour.

*Notary.* And the least you require is one hundred and twenty thousand francs.



\* *Pois.* Sausages and cabbage, 35 francs—three weeks' washing, 5 sous——(*An Old Woman and a pretty Young Girl advance.*)

*Dor.* But then I have a friend, a rich, a kind friend, who will advance me any amount—Armand St. Cloud of Marseilles——

\* *Pois.* (*To Young Girl.*) There, my darling: there's my three week's washing, five sous, and as it's been owing so long, there's a kiss for interest. (*Kisses her.*)

\* *Old Woman.* (*Counting.*) If you please, sir, is there any interest for me?

\* *Pois.* Your account is out of date. [*Goes up and pays all.*]

*Dor.* Follow me into the next room, and I will show you every account. If unfortunate, you will find me free from reproach. (*Exeunt.*)

\* *Pois.* There, now you are all paid, run along and drink my health.

\* *Omnes.* Long life to Monsieur Poisson! (*Exeunt all but Poisson.*)

\* *Pois.* Paying money is very fatiguing. I suppose it's because one's not used to it. Eh? why who the deuce is this coming? No—yes—it can't be.

*Enter LANDRE, ridiculously attired, a very large bow to his white cravat, and a new hat with a broad brim. He comes on with great pomposity.*

\* *Pois.* Why, partner, what have you been doing with yourself?

\* *Lan.* Eh? Oh, nothing.

\* *Pois.* Well, I've touched the dumps: but I say Landré, if you've been buying all these new things on the strength of it, I can't stand that, you know.

\* *Lan.* Ha, ha! you?

\* *Pois.* You know, all together it's only four thousand francs, and I've already paid my washing bill——

\* *Lan.* (*Disdainfully.*) Four thousand—ha, ha!

\* *Pois.* Well, it's not to be laughed at. But where have you been?

\* *Lan.* To my notary's—my advocate—(*To himself.*)—to prove that will. They say it's all right. Poor Leonard! (*Starts round quickly.*) Come to my arms!

\* *Pois.* He's mad!

\* *Lan.* Let me embrace you. I will embrace somebody.

\* *Pois.* Keep off! He's decidedly mad.

\* *Lan.* I'll go——

\* *Pois.* He must not be suffered out.

\* *Lan.* Poor Leonard—he little knows—where is he?



\* *Pois.* Gone to seek a situation.

\* *Lan.* A situation! As if he would ever want one. But it is better that he's away: it will give me time to prepare for the surprise. Poor boy! and I was unkind to him, because he was in love. (*As if struck with an idea.*) And why should it not be? Tell me, Poisson—what do you think of the banker's daughter?

\* *Pois.* Poor soul—he's quite gone! I must have his head shaved.

\* *Lan.* Can't you speak? What do you think of the banker's daughter?

\* *Pois.* I must humour him.

\* *Lan.* And her character?

\* *Pois.* Equal to her beauty. (*Aside.*) I wish I could send for a doctor.

\* *Lan.* Beautiful person—amiable character! Poisson, I shall go and demand her in marriage.

\* *Pois.* The devil.

\* *Lan.* No—the angel.

\* *Pois.* Why her father's a second Cræsus.

\* *Lan.* He's as poor as a rat. He'll be delighted to see us. (*Leads Poisson towards staircase.*) I've an affair of money to propose to him, and you shall go with me.

\* *Pois.* It's dreadful to see my poor old friend in this state. I wish I had never won the money, if it's to drive him mad.

\* *Lan.* Come along——

\* *Pois.* Well, I will. I must not quit him a moment. (*They go up stairs.*)

*Enter M. DORVILLE, above.*

*Dor.* Armand not yet returned? I am burning with impatience. Every moment lost is death to my hopes. I must send for him—I must see him. (*Rings.*)

*Enter ROBERT, L. H.*

*Rob.* Did you ring, sir?

*Dor.* Hasten to the banker of my intended son-in-law—no, it will not be necessary, for I hear him on the stairs. (*Robert goes out L. H. D.* Yes, he alone can save my name.

*Pois.* (*Without.*) Wipe your shoes, I tell you.

*Lan.* There, then. (*Knocks.*) There's nobody in the shop.

*Dor.* What's that?

*Enter LANDRE and POISSON.*

*Pois.* The firm of Landre, Poisson, and Co.

*Lan.* I am the Firm——

*Pois.* And I am the Co.

*Dor.* What mean you? (*Landre seats himself in Dorville's chair.*)



*Pois.* (To Dorville.) Pray don't disturb yourself—it's only my brother-in-law. I won't tell him he's mad.

*Dor.* Can they have bought up any of my debts?

*Lan.* (*Seats himself.*) [*Poisson*, where the devil have you left your politeness? Don't you see our worthy companion is standing? A chair—a chair, directly.

*Pois.* (*Offers a chair, which Dorville declines.*) Oh, come—no ceremony—sit down, old fellow. We have come to have a bit of friendly chat.

*Lan.* Certainly: so pray be seated. We're not at all proud. [*They force Dorville into chair.*] There—now we look like brothers in business, and so we are: you know you sell money for the pockets, I sell the pockets for the money---ha, ha!

*Pois.* Very good. But there was a precious hole in ours yesterday.

*Lan.* True; but fortune turned tailor, and mended them again last night.

*Pois.* Good again! [*Both laugh.*]

*Lan.* [*To Dorville.*] You don't laugh. I forgot--those only laugh who win. Every man's a king in his turn. We were in the mud yesterday, you are in the mire to-day.

*Dor.* [*Rises.*] Do you come here to insult me?

*Lan.* Insult you! no, I have come to put you on your horse again. I have come to demand your daughter in marriage.

*Dor.* Are you mad?

*Pois.* He's found him out!

*Lan.* No, but you will be, if you refuse.

*Dor.* This insolence astonishes me. (*Loud.*) I suppose, sir, it is for your hopeful son you ask? Although I may be ruined, I am not sunk so low as to receive for my daughter's husband a ragman's son.

*Pois.* A what?

*Lan.* No matter: he shall have your daughter in spite of you.

*Dor.* In spite of me?

*Lan.* You have refused the hand that would have served you, only because it was not in a kid glove. For the second time, do you refuse?

*Dor.* For the second time! leave my house, insolent beggar!

*Lan.* Beggar—ha, ha! am I? And his house—his! Ha, ha!

*Pois.* Ha, ha! I don't know what we're laughing at.

*Lan.* This house is to be sold to-day: I shall buy it, and then we'll see who is to be ordered out.

*Pois.* He is going raving!



*Lan.* (*Surveying the room.*) Poisson, my boy, do you like the house?

*Pois.* Eh?

*Lan.* This shall be your bed room.

*Pois.* I must humour him. To be sure—this will do admirably. (*To Dorville.*) It doesn't smoke, I hope? (*Looks about. By play.*)

*Dor.* Begone, or——

*Pois. & Lan.* Hands off!

*Lan.* Oh, we'll go, certainly; and when next you have the pleasure of our company, you will learn to appreciate it. Come along, Poisson. (*Exeunt U. E. L. H.*)

*Enter ARMAND ST CLOUD, c. D. below.*

\* *Porter.* (*From lodge.*) Who is there?

\* *Arm.* I, Monsieur St. Cloud.

\* *Port.* There has been a young man wanting you.

\* *Arm.* Has there? [*Runs up stairs.*]

*Dor.* I am raging with passion! And that St. Cloud, too; to stay away thus.

*Enter ARMAND ST. CLOUD.*

Ah, you are here at last?

*Arm.* [*Aside.*] I thought he was in his office or I would not have come this way

*Dor.* Though late, yet welcome. You were out this morning by five o'clock.

*Arm.* Yes; it lengthens one's days to be up early. [*Aside.*] If I had waited till six, there was some one who meant to try to shorten them.

*Dor.* Have you seen Herman, my man of business?

*Arm.* It was he who made me run here.

*Dor.* [*Taking both hands.*] Kind friend! how I like you. Then you have brought the money?

*Arm.* No—not exactly the money, but——

*Dor.* But what?

*Arm.* My regrets: and exceedingly welcome you are, but—  
[*Aside.*] What excuse can I make?

*Dor.* It is but a trifle to you, with your immense fortune.

*Arm.* True, but—but——

*Dor.* Are you not the sole heir to your late brother?

*Arm.* [*Aside.*] A capital thought! Now for a splendid lie!  
[*Aloud.*] I was; but, you know, my brother had a son.

*Dor.* Yes; but he has been dead a long time.

*Arm.* So I told him myself; and although I passed my word of honour as a gentleman, he still insists upon it that he's not dead. He has even written to me.

*Dor.* Say no more. I see it all; but know, sir, that I do not believe one word of your silly tale



LEONARD enters C. D. below—looks in a melancholy manner at the Banker's staircase, then exits on opposite side.

Arm. My tale is not silly, sir. [*Aside.*] I'll quarrel with him, and that will be an excuse for breaking off the match. (To Dorville.) You've insulted me!

Several Persons enter C. D. below, with catalogues in their hands—they appear to ask questions of the Porter, and then ascend staircase, L. H.

Dor. As you please, sir.

Arm. Then, sir, I shall expect—no, sir, I shall expect nothing—I will not condescend even to receive your apology.

Dor. My apology!

Enter Notary, Auctioneer, and other Persons.

Not. (To Dor.) The hour of sale is at hand: have you anything further to say?

Re-enter LEONARD, R. H. below.

Dor. Nothing. But remember, my pictures, my plate, my daughter's jewels, all must go, only keep my name from dishonour.

\* Leo. They are out, and I must away, never to return, without bidding them adieu. [*He leans thoughtfully against one of the columns.*]

Arm. I think I should like to buy this house myself. There's no one here likely to give much—I shall have it for half it's real worth. I shall be sorry to turn the banker out—but then we've quarrelled, you know. I will buy it. (*Retires up.*)

Enter LOLOT, C. D. with basket on her arm.

\* Leo. Lolot!

\* Lol. (*Running to him.*) Oh, Leonard—where have you been? Father has been so uneasy. We feared some accident.

[*The Auctioneer tells the Man to light the candle for sale. The Persons present examine the various things—some take seats, &c.*]

\* Leo. No, Lolot, quite the reverse. I have procured a situation, and now can do something to aid you all—and, as a beginning, give my father that.

\* Lol. Why it's a note for five hundred francs!

\* Leo. It is part of the advance made for my voyage. I am about to start immediately for America.

\* Lol. Oh, do not say that. There's no longer any necessity. Poisson has gained a little fortune, and we are almost rich. Look here—(*Shows basket.*)—plenty of good things in that. You shan't leave us. Come, and help me to lay the table.



\* *Leo.* I must remain here. I will see that St. Amand, whom I missed this morning.

\* *Lol.* The story-telling villain! Why he has given out that it was he who slapped one of our faces. I believe he said it was yours. I wish I was a man! (Exit.)

\* *Leo.* He strike - a blow—the poltroon!

*M. Thomas.* Gentlemen, the sale has commenced. You are aware of the particulars, and I give you my honour it is a sale without reserve.

\* *Leo.* He shall meet me! (Going to staircase—stops.) No—if I again present myself before the banker, I shall meet new insults.

*Dor.* (Who is seated near the Auctioneer—seeing Armand.) You still here, sir?

*Arm.* To serve you, as far as possible. I mean to bid, just to run the price up.

\* *Leo.* How shall I get him down here? I'll cut his ears off!

Enter LANDRE and POISSON, L. H.

*Lan.* (To Poisson.) Do you understand me?

*Pois.* To be sure I do! (Aside.) Not a word. He's getting worse than ever!

(Leonard goes to Lodge, and appears to be asking the Porter to go up to the Banker's apartment, but he refuses.)

*M. Thom.* Gentlemen, be seated. (Landre and Poisson seated R. H.)

*M. Thom.* I have already had an offer for this superb dwelling of eighty thousand francs. Therefore we commence with eighty thousand francs.

*Arm.* [Aside.] That's my bidding. I wonder who will give more.

*Lan.* [Stopping Poisson.] Slowly, my boy—don't hurry.

\* *Leo.* [To Robert—who has descended the stairs.] Will you be good enough to inform Monsieur St. Cloud that he is wanted for a very pressing affair.

\* *Rob.* Oh, with pleasure! [Re-ascends.]

*M. Thom.* Eighty thousand francs!

*Pois.* Two francs more!

*Omnes.* Ha, ha!

*Arm.* A thousand francs—

*M. Thom.* Eighty-one thousand francs!

*Rob.* [Aside to Armand.] Sir, you are wanted below.

*Arm.* Oh, I know; it's the banker's clerk, brought me the money I wanted. I can run down and be up again before it can be sold. [Exit L. H.]

\* *Leo.* How long he is!

*M. Thom.* Eighty-one thousand francs!



*Pois.* Two francs more.

*Lan.* [*Stamping on his foot.*] Be quiet!

*Pois.* Oh!

*Lan.* Eighty-two thousand francs!

*Bidder.* Three!

*Another.* Four!

*Pois.* [*Counting on his fingers.*] Five—six—seven—eight!

*M. Thom.* Eighty-eight thousand francs!

*Pois.* No, no—nonsense! I was only counting on my fingers.

*Lan.* I told you he'd take you at your word.

*Pois.* He's an ass!

*Lan.* Ninety thousand!

*Sans.* It's worth two hundred thousand.

*Pois.* [*Frightened.*] It wasn't me!

*Bidder.* Ninety-two thousand!

*Lan.* Ninety three!

*Dor.* He still bidding!

\* *Leo.* I think I hear him coming.

*ARMAND ST. CLOUD, comes down staircase.*

\* *Arm.* [*Going to Lodge*] Who is it wants me? I'm in a hurry.

\* *Leo.* [*Placing himself so as to prevent the retreat of St. Cloud.*] And so am I, to chastise a scoundrel.

\* *Arm.* [*Looking round.*] A scoundrel! Then it is not me you want.

\* *Leo.* You flatter yourself. Quick, sir, follow me——

\* *Arm.* [*Frightened.*] Oh, certainly—with pleasure. Only just let me run up for my cane.

\* *Leo.* Not a step—this way. [*They appear to dispute.*]

*Dor.* [*To Notary,*] What a sacrifice! It will not reach a hundred thousand francs.

*Bidder.* Ninety-four thousand!

*Lan.* Ninety-five!

*Pois.* I must tell he's mad! Monsieur Auctioneer——

*M. Thom.* Do you say ninety-six thousand?

*Pois.* No, no—I only want to ——

*Omnes.* Sit down—sit down——

*Lan.* [*Putting him into chair.*] Sit down!

\* *Arm.* I tell you, I am engaged up stairs—but, to-morrow, at Montmartre——

\* *Leo.* No, sir, I depart this afternoon for America.

\* *Arm.* Well, then, when you come back——

*Bidder.* Ninety-six!

*Lan.* Ninety-seven!

*Another Bidder.* Ninety-eight!

*Another Bidder.* Ninety-nine!



*Lan.* [*In a loud voice.*] A hundred thousand francs!

*Omnes.* It's useless to bid against him.

*Sans.* They are paid by the seller to run it up. [*All appear in confusion—Landre and Poisson are indignant—Poisson pulls out notes—Landre forces them back into Poisson's pocket.*]

\* *Leo.* We will never part until one of us lies dead on the ground.

\* *Arm.* You may have that pleasure, if you like. I'd rather not.

\* *Leo.* Coward!

*LOLOT appears at R. H.*

\* *Arm.* Coward! That's exceedingly personal—and—and I'll follow you in five minutes.

\* *Leo.* I will await you in the street, but not ought of sight of that door; and if you refuse to fight, I shall kick you in the public road.

\* *Arm.* Only wait five minutes. (*Aside.*) It will be the longest five minutes he ever waited in his life, I'll swear. (*Runs up the stairs.*) (*Leonard goes out at the same moment.*)

\* *Lol.* What have I heard? (*To Porter, in Lodge.*) Where is my uncle?

\* *Port.* Gone to his lawyer's.

\* *Lol.* If he's not found, poor Leonard may be killed. I'll run and seek him. (*Exit.*)

*M. Thom.* Silence, gentlemen—this is indecorous. Those gentlemen are true and honest bidders, I can assure you. (*All seat themselves.*) One hundred thousand francs! [*The light goes out, and the Auctioneer's hammer falls on the table.*]

*Lan.* (*Waving his hat.*) It's mine it's mine!

*Arm.* (*Entering in a hurry.*) I'll bid more!

*M. Thom.* You are too late!

*Arm.* But nonsense—who here is rich enough to purchase it—who has bought it?

*Dor.* (*Rising.*) The father of your rival—the ragman below; thanks to your care for me and mine. (*Exit.*)

(*All begin to disperse, showing signs of astonishment.*)

*Lan.* (*Stopping Poisson at back.*) Aha, my boy, we've bought it!

*Pois.* Yes, but how are we to pay for it? you'll want a very strong magnifying glass to make my four thousand francs look like a hundred.

*Lan.* You leave me alone to pay for it.

*Pois.* I can assure you I shan't interfere.

*Arm.* But you don't mean to say you have really bought this splendid mansion? An old ragman—while I, Armand St. Cloud—



*Lan.* What, Armand St. Cloud! The very name in the will.

*Arm.* Should you not be able to pay after all?

*Lan.* Why, you shall pay it for me. Come, Poisson; come Mr. Auctioneer—let us go and sign the agreement.

*Pois.* How he does bounce! they little think how mad he is.

(*Exeunt Landré, Auctioneer, and Poisson.*)

(*The Bidders &c. enter from above. Porter comes out of the lodge and appears to be asking questions.*)

\* *Porter.* Then it is really sold—but to whom? Now, do tell me.

(*All exeunt through c. d.*)

*Arm.* (*Alone.*) I must not remain here—but how to get out? that young fire-eater is waiting for me in the street. It was all through him I lost this mansion—it was as cheap as dirt. (*Goes to window.*) Yes, there he stands, with his eyes rivetted upon this house—he looks very strong for his age. (*Peeps out from behind, at curtain.*)

*Sans.* (*Not seeing St. Cloud.*) A pretty plot I've discovered. The servants are lying in wait for me on the stairs, to break every bone in my skin, for insulting old master. How shall I escape?

*Arm.* Curse him! he's sees me, and is beckoning for me. He looks very powerful—and then my dress, too—so conspicuous, he'd know me a mile off.

*Sans.* This abominable livery; if I could only disguise myself.

*Arm.* (*Seeing Sans Souci.*) What an idea has struck me—but I am so damned clever.

*Sans.* If I could only find some fool—

*Arm.* (*Slapping him on the shoulder.*) You're my man.

*Sans.* (*Starts round.*) Eh? (*Then cringingly.*) Oh, pardon, sir—I thought —

*Arm.* So did I. I thought that you now want a place, and I having one to give—that you would be the very man to take my place. (*Aside.*) And if he do, he's welcome to all the perquisites, and that will be more kicks than ha'pence, I imagine.

*Sans.* You do not say so, sir? How generous! What can I do to shew my gratitude?

*Arm.* Lend me your livery. Ha, ha—I can't help laughing, but as you are now my confidential man, you must know all my secrets. The truth is, I have a little love affair on my hands, with a little bonnet-maker, and it's necessary that I go in disguise. You understand—

*Sans.* Oh, perfectly. But when?

*Arm.* This instant.

*Sans.* But what am I to do? I can't go without clothes.



*Arm.* Oh, figs! No, no, you must put on my things, and pass out at the front gate. I have my reasons. Keep the clothes, and if you receive anything on their account, you are perfectly welcome to it.

*Sans.* [*Aside.*] What a lucky chance! I shall escape, and he—

*Arm.* Quick, quick—every moment is of the greatest consequence to me. Come along. [*Exeunt R. H.*]

*Enter LANDRE and POISSON, from above. They seek arm in arm, with dignity.*

\* *Lan.* Well, my boy—you see it's not so difficult a thing to buy a house.

\* *Pois.* No; but will you tell me one thing—who the devil's to pay for it?

\* *Lan.* Those who purchase must pay. I shall find the money.

\* *Pois.* I hope you may. Law, bless me, I never thought of it before—ha, ha! you sly dog, you've got a prize, too, in the lottery—that's it.

\* *Lan.* I have indeed, but not the lottery you think. Where's Leonard? he is to be my banker. Leonard—Leonard!

[*Exit R. H.*]

*Enter LOLOT, at gate.*

\* *Lol.* Oh, dear—oh, dear! you may call, and call, but no Leonard will answer.

\* *Pois.* And why not?

\* *Lol.* He is going to fight a duel, and will be killed—I know he will.

\* *Pois.* A duel! and with whom?

\* *Lol.* That coxcomb above.

\* *Pois.* What, St. Cloud? If he do, I'll eat him. What, kill my nephew? There is but one way—we must prevent the fool going out to meet him, and that is only to be done by breaking his head as he comes down, and I'll do it.

*Enter SANS SOUCI, in the dress of St. Cloud.*

*Sans.* What a lucky dog I am! Poor master little thinks what a service he's doing me. They are waiting for me on the back staircase, so I'll descend by the grand entrance.

[*Exit C. D.*]

[*Two or three Men come from R. H. with cudgels*]

\* *Pois.* And here are some of my late companions, before I was a gentleman. [*Goes to speak to them, and by action indicates that they are to drub some one.*]

*Enter ARMAND ST. CLOUD, in the livery, which is a most ridiculous fit.*

*Arm.* Any one would think these clothes were made for me;



but a good figure looks well in anything. He expects me by the front gate, so I'll descend by the back. This is glorious. Poor Sans Souci—I pity him. *[Exit L. H.]*

\* *Pois.* You understand, give it him soundly. Hist! here he comes—

*(SANS SOUCI descends the staircase.)*

\* *Sans.* I was certainly intended for a gentleman. *[As he goes past, chucks Lolot under the chin.]* Take that, my little dear.

\* *Pois.* And you that, my little dear. *[They all fall upon him.]*

\* *Sans.* Hollo! hollo! What do you mean? It's not me—I'm somebody else. *(The Porter comes out of his lodge. Sans Souci thrusts him forward, and escapes into lodge—the Porter receives the blows.)*

\* *Porter.* Come, I say.

\* *Pois.* The scoundrel has escaped! *(A loud scuffling noise without.)*

*Arm. (Without.)* Murder! Murder! *(A noise heard as if some one had been thrown down stairs.)*

\* *Pois.* What the devil's that?

*Enter ROBERT, L. H.*

\* *Rob.* Ha, ha! we've given it to him—we've thrashed master Sans Souci.

\* *Sans. (From small window in lodge.)* That's false!

\* *Omnes.* Sans Souci!

\* *Rob.* Why he was there just now. *(Points off.)*

\* *Lol.* There is some mistake.

\* *Rob.* Then we've it all to do over again.

\* *Sans.* No, no—a truce—a truce—

\* *Pois.* But who can the other be?

\* *Sans.* My new master, Monsieur Armand St. Cloud.

\* *Pois.* Hurrah! hurrah! Robert, give me your hand. I am much obliged to you.

\* *Rob.* He got it, I can tell you. He has escaped by the stables.

\* *Lol.* Oh, dear—then he'll meet Leonard.

\* *Louise. (From the staircase.)* Robert, you must come directly. Poor master is about to quit this house for ever.

\* *Rob.* I'll come. Poor gentleman, it cuts me to the heart to see his reverses. *(He and Louise re-ascend the stairs.)*

\* *Pois. [To Sans Souci.]* Come out—you need not be afraid: I've done with you. *(Sans Souci comes out limping.)*

\* *Sans.* Yes, but I've not done with you. This is actionable, you have not left me a leg to stand on.

\* *Pois.* No, but you've two to run on, so use them.

\* *Sans.* I'm off. *(Runs out at gate.)*



\* *Lan.* [*Without.*] Poisson ! Poisson !

\* *Pois.* I'm coming !

ROBERT and LOUISE enter from L. H. She carries several paper boxes, and places them on table. Robert has his master's morning gown and Greek cap on his arm, he places them on the arm chair

\* *Lol.* Oh, Poisson, suppose Leonard has met him—they will fight, and poor Leonard —

\* *Pois.* True—I had forgotten all about that. If St. Cloud must fight some one, I'm his man. [*Runs out—Lolot looks anxiously after him.*]

M. DORVILLE enters L. H., leaning on the arm of CECILE.

*Dor.* Yes, my child ; let us at once quit this place : better than expose ourselves to further insult.

*Cec.* Courage, dear father. [*They appear to be collecting papers, &c.*]

Enter LANDRE, R. H.

\* *Lan.* Lolot—

\* *Lol.* Here, uncle ?

\* *Lan.* Why you are crying, child. What's wrong ? what has happened ? tell me, quick—

\* *Lol.* You'll know it too soon. Poor Leonard !

\* *Lan.* What of him ?

\* *Lol.* He has had words with Monsieur St. Cloud, and he is perhaps at this moment dead.

\* *Lan.* Dead ? my boy Leonard, killed ! [*Sinks back into chair, by Porter's lodge.*]

\* *Lol.* Oh, uncle ! uncle ! (*She calls the Porter, who gets a glass of water.*)

*Cec.* Dear father, you see I am not cast down.

*Dor.* Poor child ! I did hope to have been spared this trial.

*Louise.* Mademoiselle, all is ready.

*Cec.* [*Taking her hand.*] Thank you, my good girl, you know we can no longer afford to keep you, so take my thanks, and—[*Weeps.*]

*Louise.* Oh, pray don't. Robert and I have made up our minds never to leave you—havn't we Robert ?

\* *Porter.* This good fortune has upset him quite.

*Dor.* Well, if you will share my broken fortunes, be it so. You go, love, and in one quarter of an hour I shall have quitted this house for ever.

[*Cecile and Louise exeunt R. H. Dorville L. H.*]

\* *Lan.* Kill my Leonard ! and I—I shall be looked upon as madman, a robber—and you, why did you keep all this a secret from me ? but it may not yet be too late. [*A great noise heard without.*]



ABOVE AND BELOW.

- \* *Voices.* Take him to the Police—to the Police!
- \* *Lol.* What tumult is that?
- Enter through gates, ARMAND ST. CLOUD, still in the living, followed by POISSON.*
- \* *Pois.* Now we've got him!
- \* *Lan.* [*Furiously.*] Yes—now we've got you.
- \* *Pois.* So, you would shoot my nephew, would you? [*Knocks his hat over his eyes.*]
- \* *Lan.* [*To Poisson.*] You are too rough. Let me question him. [*Seizes him by the throat and shakes him violently.*] Where's my boy? where's my Leonard?
- \* *Arm.* How can I tell you, if you stop my breath?
- \* *Lan.* Have you fought?
- \* *Arm.* We have! [*Aside.*] I know he has started for America—[*Leonard appears at back.*]—so I may as well be a little brave. [*Aloud.*] We have, and it was no fault of mine; for upon my honour I never wished to fight, for I knew my own aim was deadly, and at the very first shot——
- \* *Lol.* Oh, heavens!
- \* *Arm.* He lay dead at my feet.
- \* *Leo.* Liar!
- \* *Arm.* Eh? [*Runs into the corner.*]
- \* *Omnes.* Leonard!
- \* *Lan.* It is my boy. [*Hugs him round the neck.*]
- \* *Arm.* Where could he have sprung from?
- \* *Pois.* Ha, ha! so he lay dead at your feet.
- \* *Lol.* And are you not wounded?
- \* *Leo.* No.
- \* *Arm.* There must be some mistake here, and I must have killed some one else.
- \* *Leo.* For shame, sir—you have broken your word.
- \* *Arm.* You should not have gone away so soon; I was obliged to take a cab to run after.
- \* *Leo.* Your delay has made me lose my place in the diligence, and now——
- \* *Lan.* For that I thank him, and so will you, when you know all.
- \* *Leo.* (*To Armand.*) I am here to chastise you as a coward. (*Seizes him, and drags him by the collar to the gate.*)
- \* *Arm.* Murder—murder——
- \* *Lan.* Desist—desist, Leonard—you will strangle your uncle.
- \* *Leo.* [*Starting.*] My uncle!
- \* *Pois. & Lol.* He!
- \* *Arm.* I!
- \* *Lan.* [*To Armand*] Leopold is the son of your brother. He was confided to my wife, Charlotte Shuckler. [*Gives pa-*



per.] There is the proof—and the will you left by mistake in your coat pocket has done the rest. It is now in the lawyer's hands.

\* *Pois.* Hurrah! hurrah!

\* *Leo.* Am I in a dream?

\* *Arm.* I trust I am!

\* *Pois.* And the mansion—I must look after it—make it proper to receive us—get in our furniture—won't I, either?

*Leo.* What mansion is he speaking of?

\* *Lan.* This, to be sure. I have purchased it for you. The banker is ruined, and is this very moment about to quit. Hark—they come. This is the moment of our triumph. (*Soft melancholy music, as Dorville and Cecile are seen slowly descending the stairs, followed by Robert and Louise, carrying books and parcels—Landre, Leonard, Lolot, Armand, and the Porter, arrange themselves on the R. As M. Dorville appears they take off their hats involuntarily.*)

\* *Arm.* Ah, father-in-law, that was to be, good morning. There are some funny changes here.

*Dor.* (*Looking at him with astonishment.*) What do I see? What does this mean?

*Enter POISSON with his mattress on his shoulders, above, and VICTOR, with a frying pan and a saucepan in one hand, and a candle, dangling by the wick, in the other.*

\* *Arm.* Eh—oh! Oh, never mind that. I've had the happiness of finding my nephew.

\* *Dor.* Your nephew?

\* *Arm.* Yes, that interesting young man, there.

\* *Cec.* Leonard!

*Pois.* (*Seating himself on mattress.*) This shall be my bedroom!

\* *Arm.* I always told you it would be so. I always expected it.

*Dor.* (*To Leonard*) Sir, I congratulate you on the change. [*To Landre.*] I suppose this mansion belongs to him also? [*Landre makes signs of the affirmative.*]

\* *Pois.* [*Seeing the robe de chambre.*] I suppose these are some of the fixtures, to be taken at a valuation. [*He puts them on.*]

(*Dorville appears to be about to leave the place.*)

\* *Leo.* Pardon me, sir, but you still owe me something.

\* *Dor.* What mean you?

\* *Leo.* Yesterday you offered me a price for the service I had rendered your daughter. I come now to claim it.

\* *Dor.* And at such a moment, sir?

*Pois.* The place will look much better when I have furnished it (*Hangs the frying-pan and saucepan on nails at the*



\* *Leo.* They tell me I have a vast fortune. Dispose of the whole, if that will save you---you will then owe me nothing.

\* *Omnes.* Eh? what? (*Dorville, overcome---takes him by the hand.*)

\* *Cec.* How proud I am to have loved him whilst he was poor.

\* *Pois.* What a bedroom this will make for me and my wife. That's where the cradle shall stand.

\* *Lan.* Good boy---good boy!

\* *Arm.* He has all our family kindness of heart.

\* *Dor.* You have done more than saved my life---you have saved my honour, which henceforth shall be your own, for you are now my son.

\* *Cec.* Oh, father!

\* *Leo.* Cecile! (*Embraces her.*)

\* *Lan.* How happy I am! But where's Poisson?

\* *Lol.* He's gone up stairs, to take possession.

\* *Pois.* I wonder if we shall have a large family.

\* *Lan.* The brigand! why it's not for him. (*Goes to the stairs and calls.*) Poisson---Poisson!

\* *Pois.* Where's my wife---and where's my partner, Landre? (*Goes to door and calls.*) Partner---Landre!

\* *Lan.* Didn't you hear me call you?

\* *Pois.* Didn't you hear me call you?

\* *Lan.* Come down, I tell you: you've no business there.

\* *Pois.* What does he mean by "no business here?" I'll run and ask him.

\* *Leo.* (*To Armand.*) I wish all to be happy.

\* *Arm.* I have not the slightest objection? But how am I to live?

\* *Leo.* Leave that to me.

\* *Pois.* (*Coming down stairs.*) But what does it all mean?

\* *Lan.* It means that Leonard is the proprietor of this mansion, and will be soon of the banker's daughter.

\* *Pois.* No? then there will be a wedding.

\* *Lol.* I hope there will be two.

\* *Leo.* There shall indeed, and at my expence.

\* *Pois.* Oh, pray don't mention the expence; what we can't pay, we'll allow you to pay for us; we're not at all proud, we only want to be happy, and there's happiness enough in the world for all, if all would but agree to think so; and let us hope that our distribution of it to-night has given satisfaction

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